

Norwich Bulletin and Courier.

114 YEARS OLD.

Subscription price, 12c a week; 50c a month; \$5.00 a year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter.

Telephone Office, 430. Bulletin Office, Room 25-26, Bulletin Job Office, 25-26, Williams Office, Room 25-26, Murray Office, Telephone 218.

Norwich, Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1910.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 10,000 copies in the city, and in all the places it is considered the standard paper.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-five towns, one hundred and forty-five parishes, and a large number of people. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the N. E. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average 4,432

1909, average 5,920

Week ending November 12, 1910, 8,675

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Proclamation issued by the Governor of Connecticut.

Governor Frank B. Weeks has issued this proclamation for the observance of Thanksgiving, November 24, as a day of thanksgiving in this state, as follows:

State of Connecticut.

By the Honorable Frank B. Weeks, Governor.

A Proclamation.

For more than three centuries in our commonwealth there has been set apart a day in each year to the end that our people might unite in giving thanks to Almighty God for his manifold blessings.

Following this wise and honored custom, I hereby appoint Thursday, the 24th day of November, as the day of Thanksgiving and upon that day in our towns and places of worship, we severally express our gratitude to our Creator, and ask the continuance of His favor upon our state and nation, not forgetting to make glad the hearts of the needy and afflicted by deeds of charity and kindness.

Given under my hand and seal of the state, this 15th day of November, 1910.

(Seal) Frank B. Weeks, Governor.

By the Honorable Frank B. Weeks, Governor.

A Political Obligation.

The governor-elect of Wisconsin has announced the voters that he would take a bride with him to the executive mansion at Madison if he was successful, and he is now being notified by the press that he must keep his pledge.

The Milwaukee Journal tells that Francis E. McGovern, who is a man of so many excellent parts that the mystery is that he should have escaped the clutches of the press.

The editor writes on "What sort of a wife will Mr. McGovern choose, or what sort of a wife will choose Mr. McGovern?" We state the case impartially. The New York Herald says that the man who will have had the most to do, as did Count Walter in similar plight, a patient Griselda. It says:

"Of the women who suffered in the olden past for honor and for virtue, the most is mostly of the sort to move to sympathy, and might have served Francis E. McGovern as well as Blanche and Florio to point the moral of 'Mala omnia bona vincunt'—evil things overcome good."

Consentance with her husband and, and Catherine, white of heart, but patient Griselda, of the pretty name, when chosen, tell their story, and their patient, less heart, let them speak back their thoughts to Griselda and recall how content she was to scrub for the honor of her lord.

"The Fair is very learned. It lives in an atmosphere of literature and magnificence. It is the history of the past into a pleasant episode of the present—like a sketch of a fair in the past. But a new and better day has dawned. When the governor of Wisconsin takes to himself a wife through necessities of state, no prince will be called upon to sacrifice himself to a service marriage. Mr. McGovern, when he is married in his madness. When he gave promise to the electors, did he not do it that he might and courage and exult to pay the question, which, when that hope, he had never dared to give, yet all the while a willing partner will tell."

BEGGING AS A PROFESSION.

The professional beggar in the large cities is a new phenomenon. In the city of New York, a beggar appeared in New York the other day, and he was the first of the kind.

The beggar was a man of about 40 years of age, and he was dressed in a suit of dark clothing, and he was carrying a bag of money.

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COMMON LAW RIGHTS UN-CHANGED.

The decision of the supreme court of Kansas in the case of the injured workman tried under the common law is of more than ordinary interest just now to the people of all parts of the country.

The decision is as follows:

The factory workers' environment, has been completely changed, and the common-law rights and remedies remain unchanged. It has been well understood for a long time that there is no justifiable economic reason for this state of affairs. The liberty of capital to conduct its own business in its own way does not include the right to inflict the cruelties which invariably attend the industrial progress.

The liberty of the wage earner to contract for extra pay for extra hazard, and to seek other employment if he does not like his master's methods, is a myth, or, as has been said, a heartless mockery. The man and the machine at which he works should be recognized as substantially one piece of mechanism, and mishaps to either should be regarded as accidents to the cost of maintenance. The court cannot abolish the old rules and adopt others which shall suit existing facts and remedy existing evils. That must be done by the legislature. But when laws are enacted which are in violation of the common-law rights, the courts should interpret them as favorably as their terms will allow, and not proceed to strike them with the discredited law of torts.

Sometimes it is held that quite radical factory acts make no change in the law, or that their most remedial features must be strictly construed. But the courts should interpret them as favorably as their terms will allow, and not proceed to strike them with the discredited law of torts.

The justice of factory laws is enhanced in high places at present, and the day is not far distant when the laws which are unjust to labor will be swept from the statutes.

PORK COMING DOWN.

When we learn from Chicago that the price of pork is coming down, it should be accepted as reliable. A bumper crop is said to be one cause and the falling off in the demand is another.

The shortness of meat-producing countries does not create a hope that the old popular prices are soon to be reached. For the eighth month ending last August the receipts of fresh hogs at Chicago were 47,000,000 pounds less than for the same months last year, or 15 per cent. less, cured meats 15,000,000 pounds less, or 1 per cent., and on all along the line, except dressed hogs, which exceeded last year and were at 36,320,000 pounds, the largest receipts in five years. Total receipts of hogs in the west for eight months, 333,330,000, are two-thirds of 1908, the record year of the decade, and show as figures will that pork is high because the production of hogs does not increase in proportion to the increase of the population. With the population increasing a million a year it requires steady increase to keep the supply stable and the prices low.

WHAT DOES THIS SHOW?

The Rutland, Vt., News says: "The operations of the deer killing law in Vermont are very apparent. The number of deer—bucks, does and fawns in arms—killed last week was about half of the number slaughtered in 1908, and that with the woods absolutely full of hunters, too."

It shows that the deer are either getting scarce or that the designs of men or that the slaughter of the first year has not been made good and that the open season simply means that Vermont will be as free from wild deer in a few years as she was when she encouraged their multiplication by giving them protection. Growing game deer in these states and then slaughtering them as easily as if they were domestic cattle does not give a sportsman a fair shot.

THE OTHER SIDE.

There are several sides to the meat question and the wholehearted side and the people's side are pretty fully explained in the newspapers, but the retailer has small opportunity to tell his tale of woe. This is what one retailer says for his side of high prices:

"We have to pay to the wholesale dealer when we get our meat, but the retailer is short and sweet, but our customers hold us up for weeks and some of them never pay. The wholesaler is protected all right, but where do we get off in this deal?"

This is short and sweet, but it reveals a situation that is far from inviting. Between the squeezes it is no easy matter to tell where the retail butcher does get off.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Happy thought for today: The man who likes to talk is seldom found to be a first class workman.

Thanksgiving has its signals flying and the country is sure to take notice that it is time to die all together.

Senator Depew's knockout came so late in his career that he laughs over it, as if it was equivalent to a joke.

A revised tariff is always a ugly issue, and it takes some time to prove that it was not as bad as it seemed.

The Mexicans appear to be laboring under the impression that Americans are all alike, but they will learn better.

No one has ventured to claim, yet, that it was the democratic victory that made the price of kerosene oil go down.

The fatalities among the hunters in the Maine woods are increasing. The research frescoes still swirl with their geyse cloud.

When can imagine an artful democratic politician attempting to get the ear of the governor Baldwin just to pour advice into it?

Chicago is favoring a scheme to establish a forest near that city, after which it will seek it for public use. This is enterprise.

Chief Roosevelt has no doubt that the old law is rather new, and the democrats come to power than to see the new nationalities win.

As the result of the election it is said that Congressman Champ Clark will have to drive a team of mules down Pennsylvania avenue.

The democratic party is receiving no end of good advice, but it has never shown any ability in making the most of such voluntary assistance.

It is just nine days to Thanksgiving.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

GETTING HIM PLACED

Alken was the new teacher's name. He was young, he was unmarried, he looked bashful. It was whispered among the high school pupils that he had a love problem. He was engaged.

One morning during class somebody discovered that his fraternity pin was missing. He had worn it the day before. A vigilant committee had been watching this point, so a note was passed around the room calling attention to the convincing evidence that the new teacher was now engaged.

This interesting theory was strengthened by a little incident that occurred two hours later. Another teacher—a kindhearted woman—met Alken walking down the hall, with a dazed look on his face.

"Have you lost something?" she asked him.

"My geometry class," he answered. "I thought you had that at four o'clock. It's the middle of the fifth hour, now."

Young Alken pulled out his watch. "See, it's five o'clock, five o'clock, five o'clock," he said.

The kindhearted teacher passed on, wondering. She had not heard, but before noon the news had spread through the building and everybody was talking about it.

Young Alken came back to room 21 after luncheon to find the blackboard covered with questions:

"What color is her hair?"

"Her name, please?"

"What's the date of the wedding?"

"No wonder he didn't hear the bell! Only a kind of bell for him from now on."

"Say, look at his smile!"

Standing behind his desk the new teacher began solemnly murmuring these inscriptions aloud, one after another, as if he were alone in the room.

When he came to the last one, the farthest corner of the board, he puckered his brow and turned away from the most innocent-looking boy in the room.

"Chester," he demanded, "what is this?"

A titter went around the room. He had hit on the culprit. The boys immediately began to wonder whether the new teacher was really the same mark they had taken him for. It might even be that he had left off that fraternity pin just to "put one over them."

They must lie low and investigate further.

Later in the day they found out that young Alken had been to the office that morning promising to explain to the principal about missing his geometry class, for the principal had followed him into the hall, laughing heartily at his awkwardness in a loud voice.

"Well, overlook it this time, Alken, since you got the girl!"

For two days thereafter the boys continued to decorate the new teacher's blackboard, while he remained apparently unconscious of the attention. Time after time during recitations he

erased recipes for wedding cake. Lists of items needed for the bridegroom's trousseau and similar bits of information as indifferently as if they had been many problems, time after time, after leaving his class, the boys acknowledged to each other that the bashful-looking teacher had been guessing. They had not yet succeeded in getting him placed.

Friday was assembly day, the time when the school gathers together in the big assembly hall. That afternoon, when the room was filled and the necessary business had been transacted, the principal, who had never outgrown jokes about himself, arose and gravely announced:

"I have been asked to put the following conditions: Where was Mr. Alken?"

Instantly a shrill voice from the back of the room gave the proper answer. "He was engaged."

There followed a general shout of "Speech! Speech! Mr. Alken, Speech!"

The bashful-looking teacher was sitting with the faculty and everybody in the row pitied him. Even the principal felt a little for the fellow who had started at a late hour to leave her home, and had got as far as the gate when she opened the door and called him. "Don't you want to take your hat?"

A howl of delight greeted this story and the principal ceased to be conscience-stricken.

"One more thing," young Alken went on, when he gave him a chance.

Today I found this note on my desk:

"Mr. Alken, please tell us how you did it. We need help."

"It is signed," he read slowly and distinctly the well known initials of four boys who were sitting in the front row, each with his best girl close by. As he did so, four scarlet faces confronted him, and another laugh went up.

"I want to say to these suffering young men," concluded young Alken, "that if they will come to me in private I will undertake to coach them to the best of my ability."

That was all—except the cheering—which the principal led.

The next morning young Alken found just one sentence written on his blackboard, but that was in letters half a yard high. It was headed, "A Tip in Room 21," and its words were: "DON'T MESS WITH A BUZZ SAW!"

The boys had got the new school teacher placed.—Chicago News.

The reward has been increased to \$5, while for No. 4, which was thrown by the Melba in latitude 46.34 N. and longitude 56.10 W., and which bears her name engraved in the copper, the reward at present stands at \$50.

First Socialist Congressman.

The career of no congressman outside of Connecticut will be followed more closely by the citizens of Ansonia than will that of Victor L. Berger, the first socialist to be thus honored. As is well known here, he has made his way to the front against great odds, and this country has few better examples of what a man can accomplish who has deep seated convictions, and will intelligently concentrate his energies along the line of his beliefs. While a great many differ with Mr. Berger in his political policy, few can fail to admire his courage and determination and likewise the enthusiasm with which he has worked to accomplish definite ends. He has always been a worker, and it may be put down as a surmise that he will not drop in congress.—Ansonia Sentinel.

Proof Thanksgiving is Needed.

The president has named Nov. 24th as Thanksgiving day, and this governor of the state will follow with proclamations. This day is a peculiarly American one. There is nothing like it elsewhere. Its origin was Puritanical, but it is undoubtedly more

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH LAND.

Among the many gifts that Nature has lavished on the South none is more valuable than her gift of the cotton plant. In the soil, warmth and sunshine of the South, the cotton plant attains its highest perfection. Formerly, only the white, downy lint of the cotton boll was preserved, but today, from the kernel of the cotton seed is pressed an oil which, when refined, compares favorably with the purest olive oil. From the choicest of this oil of the cotton seed is made a cooking fat called Cottonseed. In efficiency, purity and wholesomeness, Cottonseed far exceeds the fat of the hog, and it has well been named, "Nature's gift from the Sunny South."

On Sept. 5 globe No. 10 was found by Oliver L. Loper, Montauk, L. I. Three miles southwest of Montauk Point. This globe was set adrift at 2 p. m. on Aug. 19. It was the Campana was 193 miles east of the Ambrose channel. It appears to have traveled roughly one hundred miles as the compass in a west-northwesterly direction.

Next No. 5 was found by Walter S. Carroll of 725 Franklin street, Cape May City, N. J., near Cape May City, on Sept. 22. This globe was set adrift on Aug. 19 at 9 p. m. about five miles east of the Ambrose channel. The globe therefore drifted about two hundred miles in a southwesterly direction.

The remaining eight are still undiscovered. Each globe is numbered and the finder will receive at least \$30 a globe, and the instructions are contained in the envelope. For No. 7, which was cast overboard by Commander Warr when the Campana was in latitude 47 N. and longitude 54.30

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature:

J. C. Wood

Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis, Minn.

IS BEST

Water-Proofing Footwear.

A writer in the Scientific American recommends the following for rendering footwear water-proof. Heat in an iron vessel either fish oil or castor oil, or tallow, to about 250 degrees Fahrenheit, then cut into small pieces vulcanized or raw India rubber, about one-fifth the weight of the oil, and add gradually, stirring with a wooden spatula until the rubber is completely dissolved in the oil; to give it color, add a small amount of printer's ink. Pour into a suitable vessel and let cool; one or two applications of this is sufficient to thoroughly water-proof a pair of boots or shoes for a season. Boots or shoes dressed with this will take common shoe blacking with great facility. The oil does not injure the leather, will keep out moisture and leave the material soft and pliable.

Daddy of All the Bugs.

Among the Roosevelt specimens now being assembled for exhibition in the National Museum, Washington, has been found the granddaddy of all the bugs. Its real name is Coleoptera and it belongs to the tribe of giant beetles. The specimen at the museum weighs one pound. It is dark maroon in color, with gray markings. According to the bug was no memorandum or description except the statement of its name.—New York World.

Not at Present.

Ever since Judge Simon E. Baldwin retired from the supreme bench of Connecticut the Hartford Courant has

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

Been urging him to become the historian of the state, paying him the compliment of saying that no one else was so well fitted for the task. He will probably defer the undertaking until the material for the new chapter, just opened, is all in.—Boston Transcript.

Boast of Philadelphia.

This is the ninth city of the world in point of size and the first in the universe from the point of attractiveness as a residence.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Collector—I'd like to collect this note, sir. It's payable at sight. Hard-up—Too bad, too bad! I'm terribly frightened!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PLUMBING AND GASFITTING.

JOHNSON & BENSON, 20 Central Avenue.

SLATE ROOFING

Metal Cornices and Skylights, Gutters and Conductors, and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

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Turned promptly. Large stock of patterns. No. 11 to 25 Ferry Street.

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